

# The Mirror's Music Library--No. 53.

## FALLING IN LOVE

As sung in the Opera Bouffe

### "THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER"

Based on GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "ARMS AND THE MAN"

English words by STANISLAUS STANGE

Music by OSCAR STRAUS

*Andante.*

Oh, when you smile and feel like cry-ing, And when you can-not tell the rea-son why,..... You're in when at night you should be sleep-ing You rest-less lie and toss a-bout the bed,..... You're in love when you smile while you are cry-ing, Or when you laugh when you would rather sigh,..... I am no love when you watch the shadows creep-ing, Or when at dawn you rise with ach-ing head,..... I am no schem-er, nor a fool-ish dream-er, I am a girl, a girl of com-mon sense,.... But could I find a true and hon-est lov-er, Oh, I would love him with a love in-tense,.....

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No. 223.

smile and feel like dy-ing, Or when you laugh while you are sigh-ing, and you can give no rea-son why, But still you long to sing or cry, Oh, when the woods to you are call-ing, It is a sign that you are fall-ing, fall-ing in love, yes, deep in love, fall-ing fall-ing, deep in love, Then fall-ing, deep in love, pp dolce.

Falling in Love

No. 223.

## LAUGH ON BOWSER.

Plans For Flowers to Bloom in the Spring Turn Awry.

### MRS. BOWSER EXPOSES FRAUD

Hollyhocks Don't Grow From Cornstalks Nor Morning Glories From Apple Seed—Florist Puts Bowser Wise on Confidence Game.

By M. QUAD.  
[Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.]

AN hour before Mr. Bowser came home from the office a farmer drove up to the house and handed a strange bundle to the cook, with the remark that it was for the boss. Mrs. Bowser was called down to see if a mistake had not been made, and the farmer asked: "Bowser is the name, ain't it?" "Yes." "Short man and baldheaded?" "Yes." "Understands all about agriculture and is going to have the finest garden in town this year?" "He hasn't said anything about a garden to me." "Well, he's going to have one. He paid me for these things a week ago. He wants 'em on hand as soon as possible. Here's the card he gave me, and I guess I've hit the house all right." "And these are things for the garden?" queried Mrs. Bowser as she looked at the bundle. "Yes. They are what he ordered."



GARDEN PACKAGE FOR MR. BOWSER.

wanted to give you a surprise. I planned it way back in January. In a month or two from now you won't know our back yard." After dinner the cook was given a chance to do up her work, and then the bundle was opened on the kitchen table. Mr. Bowser was excited and enthusiastic and declared that he could almost smell new mown hay and hear the whistle of the plowboy. The first things that came out of the bundle were three small stalks with a root to them, and as Mrs. Bowser was looking at them he said:

Hollyhocks From Cornstalks. "You see, we're to have hollyhocks in our garden. They are red and white ones and will remind us of the days of long ago. All last summer I ached to see hollyhocks." "And you will ache again this summer." "What do you mean?" "Mr. Bowser, don't you know, the

stalks of hollyhocks from cornstalks?" "What? What? You don't mean?" "I mean these are cornstalks. Even if they were hollyhocks they wouldn't grow if you set them out. You've got to raise them from the seed. The farmer has swindled you."

"He has done nothing of the kind. It's your ignorance. I might have known you'd begin to find fault at once."

"And what have we here?" she queried as she took up another package. "Here is something labeled 'Creeping Charlie' to border your beds with. It creeps just about as much as a board does. It's moss pulled off a tree in the woods."

"I deny it! It's just what it is labeled."

"Is it? We had rods and rods of creeping Charlie in mother's garden, and this isn't the stuff. I tell you it's only tree moss. Look at it yourself."

"Woman, you go upstairs until I want you!" said Mr. Bowser as he grew pale. "A farmer brings me in certain things for my garden. He is an honest man. We scarcely open the package when—"

"When we find that he has swindled you," she finished. "Let's look a bit further. What's this? Morning glory seeds, it says. Mr. Bowser, did you ever see a morning glory?"

"Millions and billions of them." "And the seeds?" "Bushels and bushels."

Morning Glory From Apple Seed. "Then you ought to know that these are apple seeds and nothing else. Your honest farmer has simply scraped the seeds out of a peck of apples."

"Woman, upstairs—aloft—get out!" "For why? You are going to make a garden, and naturally I am interested. I want to see the rest of the stuff."

"Not another blamed thing! You determined to upset my plans from the very first, but it can't be done. That farmer can bring an action against you for libel, and by the jumping Jupiter I hope he'll do it!"

"So do I. And now we have what your toll hardened and honest farmer calls sunflower roots."

"And you will say he has lied about them." "No: I think they are what he says. You have seen sunflowers, Mr. Bowser?"

"Why don't you ask me if I have seen the moon?" "Does a sunflower grow again from a seed or a root? These roots are as

dead as Julius Caesar. They die in the fall, same as the roots of a cornstalk."

"Woman, woman!" "Oh, yes, I'm a woman, but I know a bit about sunflowers just the same. Why, they were all around us when we were courting. Here are some roots and dead leaves. He has labeled them 'Lilies of the Valley.'"

"And they are!" shouted Mr. Bowser. "Sorry for the valley if you are correct, but I say they are burdocks."

"Burdocks?" "Nothing less and nothing else. Mr. Bowser, if a burdock is a lily of the valley then you ought to be a happy man. I believe they use the root in consumption cures."

"Woman, look me in the eye!" said Mr. Bowser in low, tense tones, with what hair there was on his head standing up.

"I'm looking." "The Florist Confirms Mrs. Bowser. If you have made certain assertions, if you can prove them, all right; if you can't I'll have you behind the bars before the week is out. You have driven me to the dead-line at last. Over on Jay street is a florist. I go there. I take his word. Woman, shiver in your boots while I am gone!"

He grabbed up the parcel and went upstairs for his coat and hat. She followed after with a confident smile on her face, but he ignored her. Five minutes later he burst into the florist's shop in a way that almost took the door off its hinges, and, laying the package on the counter, he pulled out the stalks and asked:

"What are they?" "The florist looked without touching them and replied: "Any ox or cow would tell you that they are cornstalks."

"And this?" "Moss from a beech tree." "It isn't creeping Charlie?" "Not any more than it is creeping palay."

"And these?" "Apple seeds." "And these?" "Old burdocks."

Mr. Bowser took the package to the curb and heaved it into the street, and then, returning to the door, he said: "You are a gothic, magnificent, gignante, overwhelming, sleek, sleek, smooth by thunder of a liar! Good night, sir!"

And then he disappeared into the shadows of night.

### By Special Messenger.

It is told that after Professor Ay-toun had made proposals of marriage to Miss Emily Jane Wilson, daughter of Christopher North, he was, as a matter of course, referred to her father. As the professor was uncommonly diffident he said to her: "Emily, my dear, you must speak to him for me. I could not summon courage to speak to the professor on this subject."

"Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the professor, "and I'll wait here."

There being apparently no help for it, the lady proceeded to the library. "Papa's answer is pinned to the back of my dress," said Miss Wilson as she re-entered the room.

Turning her around, the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."—Success Magazine.

### The Important Question.

"What was the matter with that customer," asked the proprietor of a well-known restaurant.

"When he was through with his dinner," explained the waiter excitedly, "he asked for his check, and when I gave it to him he simply went crazy."

"But did he pay as he went?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

### The Newer Way.

"Brown heard that his boss was going to fire him."

"What did he do?" "Got a doctor's certificate showing that his health demanded a long rest and retired with glory."—Detroit Free Press.

### Lying Figures.

Howell—Figures won't lie. Powell—Well, I've seen some pretty ones lying in the sand.—New York Press.

### Sad, but True.

In the spring the young man's fancy raked the meadows sweet with hay. For the soul is dead that slumbers in the merry month of May.

And Maxwotton brass are bonnie when the evening shadows fall In the gloaming, oh, my darling, with the stars for tapers tall! Jennie kissed me when we met on this side of Jordan's wave Once upon a midnight dreary, with the low and crouching slave. It was on a summer evening, quoth the raven, "Nevermore." And the dying soldier faltered on the wild New England shore. —Chicago Record-Herald.

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